

Tingles of relief capered through Claire's whole body upon exiting the bone-chill of a late January night, as she stumbled into the respite of the well-heated gym foyer. Maybe it was just the outside weather, but something about the hazy fluorescents spanning the length of the fitness floor felt especially welcoming! Or maybe it was the company passing through the door behind her...

Since Hannah's suspension, Claire's time with her golden goddess became so horribly limited! The gym, then, became a sort of sanctuary for her, something she anticipated after the closing bell every day, giving them hours upon hours together! Though she'd never admit it, she almost preferred the new arrangements, which allowed her to keep her darling blonde bombshell all to herself! Winter break, then, had been an absolute dream! She was able to spend entire days with her beloved, as they'd begun preparations for her eventual return to Eager Meadows, preparations to vindicate her and put that horrid witch Luna in her place! In fact, just that evening, they'd been working up through dusk, when it was decided to take a break by breaking some sweat!

After quickly checking in at the front desk, the two approached the lockers just beyond to stow their belongings. Claire began stripping off her baggy grey sweatshirt and matching pants to reveal her workout uniform of a black sports bra and matching nylon shorts, both of which were fitting more snugly than they had when she first bought them. Claire wasn't as vain about her appearance as some of her peers, but there was undeniably a satisfaction in it, as she furtively ran her hands over her glutes and felt the inch or two they'd grown and how incredibly tight they'd become, the satisfaction of a long-haul project bearing fruit. Although being able to spend time with Hannah was a prize enough - getting into shape was a nice bonus, though!

Eagerly, Claire bounced in place and stretched to loosen up her shoulders. The question of which area they'd hit that night, however, shriveled on Claire's tongue, as she turned and found Hannah already having removed her coat and jeans to stand proudly in her own gym attire: a skimpy white workout tank which stopped above the midriff and a pair of very, VERY short shorts pinker than candy floss, so small that as Hannah turned to point at the proper fitness area, Claire could clearly see the crack of Hannah's perfect apple bottom peeking over the low-set waistband... Claire gulped and politely averted her line of sight to follow Hannah's extended finger. "Let's get to work." Hannah smiled over her shoulder. "It's late, so why don't we keep things light. Grab a mat for us."

Yes! Of course, my love! With no one else on the gym floor at such an hour, Claire practically skipped across the rubberized hardwood, past a line of unmanned treadmills and into the free weights area. A long rack of dumbbells spanned the length of a dazzlingly-polished mirror, with a couple benches spread a few feet away, all slightly skewed with evidence of people shifting them around as needed. Immediately, Claire shoved them all even further apart before bouncing over to grab a couple of mats off the wall to lay them on the floor. Abuzz with energy despite the past few days being nonstop work, Claire alternated between stretching and fixing her electric-blue bob until Hannah appeared in the mirror behind her, her doe-brown eyes catching a sultry sparkle! "Let's start stretching," the golden goddess invited her stunned follower.

Eagerly, Claire took to the mat and began the sun salutation the two of them always used as a warm-up - a nice and simple routine that loosened up all the major areas! The movement began on an inhale, as Claire reached way overhead with an arched back, then gently bent at the hips on the exhale until her elbows met her knees. Cheekily, with her butt lifted so high as it was, Claire wiggled her hips a bit while holding the position, on the off chance Hannah might be looking and liking what she saw! From there, Claire straightened halfway up on the inhale, before exhaling and walking her feet back out to move into a plank position, then lowering all the way until she was flat on her stomach.

The breath Claire was taking in to move on to the next step of the salutation, however, was abruptly knocked out of her chest as something heavy dropped onto her back! Huh? Surprised, Claire caught her breath and craned her neck around to see Hannah sitting on her back, facing down Claire's legs. The blonde's thighs hugged Claire's sides in a way that made the goth lose that breath she just recaptured! Claire didn't quite hear what Hannah said right then - she was a little more preoccupied with the sensation of Hannah's body atop her own, the way her whole body seemed to buzz when she spoke, the warmth of her... It w

as only some time after Claire realized what was said: something about... 'stretching...'

Though she couldn't see, Claire felt the waistband of her shorts lifted off her lower back. Claire bit her lip. She'd been cheeky before to the thought Hannah might be looking at her intimately, but now that wasn't a ny doubt, and she found herself stricken with bashfulness, feeling her shorts pulled farther from her butt a nd knowing her beloved was undoubtedly gazing upon the pale globes of her behind, barely hidden by he r black thong! The feeling grew as she squirmed beneath her blonde beauty queen, feeling Hannah contin uing to pull at her shorts, further down her hips, past her butt entirely! Claire lost her breath again! What if someone saw them? Hannah's answer was to continue pulling Claire's shorts alllll the way down her legs until they became caught on her shoes, a setback Hannah was quick to correct with a couple brusque tug s, tossing the sneakers to the sides of the room. If Hannah pulled her socks off as well or if Claire unconsc iously did so, she couldn't be sure, but those were gone all the same, as were her shorts after a moment ! Claire stifled an embarrassed squeal, as Hannah reached back and tauntingly shook the shorts above th e goth's blue bob before tossing them aside. She was pants-less in the middle of the gym! Was anyone o ne else there to see?

"Ready for a set of ten?" Hannah asked. Before Claire could inquire as to what that entailed, she felt mani cured fingers teasingly wrap around the back of her thong... "One!" Hannah barked as she jerked upward s with all her might!

"AHH!" Claire yelped as black cotton tore taut up her privates and butt crack! Her fists balled and toes curl ed as Hannah paused at the top of the motion, before she lowered her arms with the calm and care of a w eightlifter performing curls, and pulled again!

"Two! Three!" Hannah picked up both her pace and her power, stretching Claire's panties higher with ever y tug, up to her chest and then her chin! GAH! WHOA! Claire sputtered and squealed! Each tug lifted her pale hips higher and higher, each burst of friction stretching her thong higher and burrowing the fabric dee per inside her! Claire's mouth hung slack! Hannah had wedgied her before, but not like this, not this powe rfully! Her ass felt like it was being sawed in half!

"Four!" "Five!" Ah! Oh! Claire's head flipped back with every pull, as she let out cries just as much of pain as they were... something else... It was hurting her, but hurting her so good... the power, like a fire burnin g from her hips up to her heart... "Six!" Claire's thighs unconsciously twisted inward as another powerful p ull rocketed her thong another inch between her lips, the friction knocking her cross-eyed!

"Seven! Eight!" Hannah continued to pull higher, but behind her voice and Claire's own moans, as well as the incredible cocktail of sensations fogging up her head, Claire could make out the distinct hiss of fabric starting past its breaking point. The discomfort shifted, as Claire felt the stretched underwear become eve n thinner, not just pulling against her lips but fraying apart between them. Hannah's viciousness was begi nning to prove too much for the frail undergarment! Soon the whole thing would rip into pieces!

"Nine!" Another pull, higher and harder than any before! GAH! Though blood rushing through her temples dulled it, Claire heard the gentle hiss become louder, and she felt the fabric growing weaker! Her underwe ar could tear at any second! Come on, my love, just one more! Quickly, before it... before I...

"TEN!"

No sooner had the word passed from Hannah mouth that finally the fabric gave out! RIIIP! Claire's under wear finally tore apart, with Hannah clutching the remains in triumph. Beneath her, Claire virtually collaps ed, sweating, panting, and smiling from ear to ear! Her privates ached, they ached so sorely, and it was a most magical feeling! She laid shuddering, reliving every pull, every burst of pleasure... why did it have to end so soon? She could have handled much more... Her heart jumped, then, when she half-heard Hanna h suggest they weren't done yet!

The next thing she knew, Claire was standing upright with Hannah pulling her deeper into the gym floor. C

laire didn't so much follow as she did float, her legs numb like melted snow and her back still fuzzy with warmth where Hannah had straddled her! She wasn't led far; closer to the wall there was a narrow metal column that itself wasn't a workout implement, but most gym-goers would wrap resistance bands around them for movements like rows. No sooner had the thought cleared Claire's mind that she saw Hannah brandishing such a band, only it wasn't for that reason. Instead, Hannah led Claire to the column and lifted her arms, before using the band to tie Claire's wrists! Though Claire knew right away what Hannah was doing, she let it happen, still aglow from the painful pleasure that Hannah had bestowed upon her, and hungry to know what might come next! Don't be too eager, she chided herself. Hannah thought she was humiliating Claire, and if she caught onto the real thrill, she might relent... and Claire wasn't ready for this rush to end!

Another tug to ensure the knot was secure, and voila: Claire was tied to the column, naked from the waist down, her ghostly pale posterior and private parts exposed with no means of covering! Though she knew it was so late and they were out of sight of the rest of the floor, and even though the slight bending motion put greater emphasis on her tight set of buns, still Claire sheepishly crossed one leg over the other, the only bit of coverage she could offer herself with her hands bound above her head. It was an intimate game being played, and the thought of any other eyes watching was sacrilegious... and a little exciting...

Though she knew she'd see no one, again Claire glanced over her shoulder, and this time the pleasant sight of a smiling Hannah graced her. "That was some good stretching to warm up." Hannah sidestepped out of Claire's immediate view, the last thing Claire saw being Hannah's upraised manicured hand. "Time to get *really* physical." Claire didn't even have a second to inquire what that meant because to punctuate the sentence, Hannah's hand came rocketing downward for an open-palmed spank across Claire's bare blanching backside!

"AH! Ohh!" Claire bit her lip so hard the skin almost tore, but she couldn't suppress her moans and yelps as Hannah assaulted her rear with vicious slap after slap! Smack! Smack! Smack! Blow after blow rocked Claire's ass! She tried to transform her cries into those of pain, but every smack, each and every one setting off fireworks in her hips! "M... more..." The plea slipped through Claire's irrepressible smile. "More, my goddess!" She let her trembling voice swell; who cares who heard?!

Claire practically began drooling as Hannah's vigor increased, heavy hands spanking Claire's white cheeks until they held a fiery crimson color! The power of Hannah's spanks became so great that Claire's entire body practically leapt every time a hand made contact, her back arching, her butt sticking further and further out to meet Hannah's hands sooner, faster, faster! Claire's ass was on fire, and she wanted nothing more than the heat to swallow her whole!

As her movements became more pronounced, she felt her sports bra riding up her sweaty chest, further and further until it rolled all the way up around her shoulders! Claire sucked in a breath that was quickly spanked out of her as she felt the AC graze her chest, as her boobs became exposed and slapped up and down with her movements as Hannah swung harder yet! Slap! Smack! The sounds of Hannah's hand across Claire's posterior resonated across the empty gym floor! The half-true humiliation, the indescribable warmth spreading down to her tippy toes barely keeping her upright, her privates still pleading for more... How much could Claire even take?! Another... another... Claire's thighs clenched, bracing for just one more spank...

It was then, however, Hannah tired, or perhaps erroneously believed them both to be satisfied. Both girls panted, dripping sweat and elated for different reasons. Quickly, Hannah unbound Claire from the column, but she didn't just undo the bands - she pulled Claire's sports bra up and over her head as she did! Squeezing her thighs together and bringing her fists up to her chest, Claire agitatedly bounced in place, naked from head to toe and oh so desperate for more! But she had to comport herself... My... my love... surely... surely that wouldn't be enough against someone like Luna, prideful as she is! Claire pivoted and bent slightly to offer her already-reddened rear, trying and failing to suppress her fidgeting. Perhaps... a few more would be necessary?

Claire's butterfly-filled heart leapt upon feeling Hannah's hand once again grace her skin... but it wasn't on her ass this time. Instead, Hannah's hand pressed between Claire's shoulder blades, as she pushed the naked goth back towards the mirror and the mat she'd laid out. "Let's not forget the cool down," Hannah cooed, delicate and entrancing as a lullaby.

And yet, something jabbed through Claire's lustful reverie. As she stumbled along, she glanced over her shoulder to her beloved blonde, only to notice with a start the cell phone in her hand, the camera aimed right at Claire's bare body! Claire's mouth fell open! How long had she been recording? It was supposed to be their private time together! But that wasn't the worst of it: the further into the floor she was led, the more Claire heard... voices, and not theirs... Claire turned back to face the gym floor slowly, into an excruciatingly gradual reveal that the gym floor was no longer abandoned! Every machine, every bench, even every water fountain had someone there, paused in their activity as they all watched Claire walked back towards the mirror in all her naked glory!

Claire's whole body seized up! W-where did all these people come from?! All these strangers... seeing her naked... Desperate, she looked back at her goddess, but it was all too clear that Hannah knew exactly what she was doing... "Come on, everyone!" Hannah barked with a ringleader's bravado, ensuring anyone whose attention somehow wasn't on the buck-naked goth was drawn over. "Claire's going to demonstrate a little yoga for us!"

As Hannah gave Claire a final shove to get her back on the original mat, a ring of curious and appalled gym-goers slowly formed around her, so dense it seemed like the overheads lights were dimmed. Claire hesitated, awkwardly half-covering her modesty with her hands, biting her lip either to will away or sustain the hot buzzing between her legs - which, she wasn't entirely sure. It had been their special time together, and now all these intruders... all of her private places so exposed, her ass still aching red and raw... Her pleading eyes met Hannah's in the mirror, who gestured with her gaze at the phone in her hand, the message all too clear: do the routine, or these clips go viral!

And so, after hesitating again under the weight of all the laughter, Claire widened her stance and reached tall on the inhale, feeling thousand eyes running up and down the length of her fully extended nude body, over every curve, every gentle ripple along her softer flesh. What if Hannah was streaming, the thought occurred to Claire! How many people would be watching? How many people were watching on the gym floor right then and there?! Claire's face burned hotter than any sun! She didn't dare look anywhere above the floor as she continued to breathe in and out, stretch and bend, and, in opposition to the last time, she rushed the breaths on which she bent all the way over, then halfway! The whole back half of the routine became a blur, a breathless rush of movement under infinite eyes, the humiliation meeting with the still-lingering arousal... This wasn't supposed to be like this! Had she failed some test of Hannah's? Why was this happening?!

Hurriedly, Claire finished the final rise, back on her feet, but as she moved to far-too-belatedly cover her shame, Hannah loudly tutted and shook her head. "One measly routine? Come on, Claire, impress us a little!" She wanted more?! Cheers crashed like waves of an ocean around her! Though Claire balked and nearly ran out on the spot, she bit her tongue; she didn't want to disappoint her any further...

And so she complied, her body almost moving automatically with Hannah's whims, the goth bashfully turning her head and she turned around and around and ensured everyone around them got every detail of her birthday suit, as she lunged into a warrior's pose that left no inch of her obscured! With great reluctance, Claire squeezed her eyes shut as she slunk back to the floor and walked herself into a downward dog, feeling all the attention abruptly center on her shapely stuck-out (and still bright red!) butt! She laid on her back and arched her hips in the bridge position, giving everyone a clean look between her legs! Claire twisted her body every which way, position after position, giving all the eyes everything, every secret, every inch of her! Any trace of arousal had evaporated, leaving only a relentlessly burning shame!

Finally, it was the tree pose which undid her, balanced on one leg with her hands above her head, a position on Claire couldn't hold steady, causing her breasts to shimmy every which way - to the delight of her audi-

ence! With the breathlessness of panicked humiliation finally catching up to her, Claire finally slipped and fell to ground! Quickly, she scrambled to her knees, bent low to hide her privates with her arms tightly wrapped over her chest, shivering and whimpering as an impossibly-vast crowd jeered around her naked body! Hannah shouted something that echoed and turned all the voices into one singular chanting of her name... Claire... Claire... Claire...

CLAIRE!

“BWAH!”

Claire jolted awake so hard she pitched out of her chair! “Gah! Bwuh! Juh...” From under her fallen swivel chair, the goth panted and gasped through a cold sweat as she recollected in reality. Hannah! Where was she... no... no, it was just a dream... a beautiful, magical dream... She’d fallen asleep at the desk of her basement workshop. Hurriedly, Claire scrambled to her feet to make sure she hadn’t drooled on any pages! How’d she be able to explain THAT to Hannah?

It was less than a week away from next semester starting up, something for which she and Hannah had been preparing for over a month, and Claire was being wrung through some serious overtime to make sure everything was perfect, down to the tiniest little detail! Across the past couple days, Claire maybe got a collective two hours of sleep, with most of it accidental dozing, much like this latest slip-up. Groggily, Claire squinted at the digital clock on top of the CRT TV across the room. About twenty minutes had passed, the longest she’d been out in... what, two days? Three? Every day felt like one day pulled to its breaking point. With a lamenting sigh, Claire dropped her elbows back on her desk with her head in her hands, fingers squeezing her temples blaring with blood rush. The dream again. Or, rather, this specific variant of the dream again.

While right then it had been dream, it was actually based on a true story. Hannah had been obsessed with revenge on Luna since her initial suspension, but as the end of winter break drew nearer, it was like a switch flipped and it became all she could or would think about. Claire had been quite eager for the gym break when it was offered, and just as much blindsided when Hannah used the time to work on her ‘form’ in other ways! She really had wedgied Claire so viciously on the gym floor that her underwear snapped! Things had gone as far as the spanking, when the commotion awoke the manager sleeping in the back, who was very surprised to walk onto the otherwise-empty gym floor and see Claire sweating and moaning, tied to a column and naked from the waist down! Hannah, meanwhile, had surreptitiously slipped out. Mortifying for Claire as it was, the manager quickly understood Claire couldn’t have tied herself up like that, and so silently helped unbind her without charges or much of a fuss, and of course providing her with some lost-and-found sweatpants for the walk home - though they were oversized to the point of plummeting down her legs without both hands on the waistband. And, of course, Claire’s jacket was gone too, meaning she had to brave the frigid January midnight in just the sweatpants and her sports bra! More than a few times, just from shivering so much, Claire lost her grip and wound up accidentally flashing a late-night dog walker or two with a bright white and freezing cold moon! When she finally got home, Hannah was already back on the basement sofa, idly thumbing through a magazine and snarking why it took Claire so long to come back - followed by a comment on her ‘snow kitty being out,’ as the pants once again plummeted down.

At the time, honestly, Claire hadn’t taken it in humiliation, but instead as humbling. It was necessary, she’d reasoned, a clear signal from Hannah reminding her the fateful days of returning to Eager Meadows were nearly upon them, and there was still so much to prepare! She’d been slacking - selfish, even! - content in keeping her beloved all to herself! To expect reward without the due effort in proving her love... she’d been so naive! She was grateful to dedicate her heart to one so astutely thoughtful!

And yet... that wasn’t the end of it. Images and moments from that night kept resurfacing in her unconscious, sometimes as they happened, sometimes with ‘revisions’ such as from what she’d just awoken. Sometimes it only seemed to reify the ‘moral’ she’d learned, but more often than not they left her... conflicted. CLAIRE didn’t quite get why she couldn’t stop thinking about what’d had happened, nor could CLAIRE comprehend why exactly she didn’t feel like-

“CLAIRE!”

“Eek!” Claire jumped and nearly tangled her feet around her fallen chair as she spun around face the stairs. There Hannah stood, idly brushing snow off her winter jacket with one hand, cradling a bag of Chinese food cartons in the other, and glaring at the gobsmacked goth with her piercing brown peepers.

Tersely, Hannah held out the takeout bag and gestured very pointedly at Claire with it. “Food.”

Claire’s heart had only just slowed its hammering from the dream, and seeing Hannah in the flesh started it back up at twice the speed! “H-Hannah! My... my sweet...” A wave of guilt knocked Claire to her knees and killed any emotion that wasn’t intense, burning desire, made all the worse by how fresh the feeling of disappointing her had become by the nightmare! “Hannah, m-my dear Hannah, can you ever forgive me?!” Tears searing behind her eyes, Claire shuffled on her knees in a beggar’s pose, until she was pleading at Hannah’s feet - for dozing off, but also for the thoughts she foolishly had! “I’m so so sorry! I-It was an accident! A stupid, stupid accident I’ll never make again! I’ll work harder than ever before, I promise! I’ll never sleep again! Anything for your happiness, my beautiful queen! Please know that I will follow you through this world and any other-“

Claire kept babbling apologies, but Hannah was tuned out from the first word. In truth, the goth was starting to get on her nerves. Claire had been going nonstop for days - how, Hannah had no idea, since she’d come back every morning and see the goth still sat in the same place, just buried a little deeper in papers and spare parts. It’s not like Hannah was forcing her to work all night instead of getting some rest; it’s just like she couldn’t be shut off no matter what. Of course, if she wanted to work, it’s not like Hannah was going to stop her - none of what was to come could be done by Hannah alone. As it was, Claire was helping more than she was hindering, and so Hannah simply let her have it her way. Finally, she pulled from the bag the carton of Claire’s vegetable egg foo young and shoved it into the goth’s face to get her to stop shouting. “Whatever. Just eat, alright?”

Trying to keep composed with her heart flinging itself every which way in her body, Claire quickly accepted the food and joined Hannah on the nearby couch, carefully nibbling as Hannah set the bag down on the end table and prepared her own meal. She tried to do as she was told and enjoy her meal, but the dream was still so fresh, and the images and sensations of it kept jumping to the front of her mind... She kept stealing glances as Hannah removed her jacket. It was so impossible to concentrate when she still imagined the feeling, Hannah pulling her body so close to Claire’s, the cotton pulling taut down there, tighter, tighter, the friction, her hips gyrating and churning against it until it felt like... like...-

“HANNAHFORGIVEMEMYLOVEBUTIREALLYNEEDTOUSETHERESTROOMI’MSORRYI’LLBERIGHTBACKPLEASEEXCUSEME!” Claire practically leapt across the whole basement in a single bound, so fast that before Hannah saw the discarded carton hit the ground and send the egg foo young all across the cheap shag carpet, she already heard the bathroom door slam and lock. Resigned, Hannah groaned and decided to take the moment to go over all they’d been planning for the past several weeks of winter. Truthfully, Claire wasn’t the most organized lackey Hannah could hope for - a tornado would have sorted the papers more gracefully. It was hard at a glance to pick out the schema and notes that had made the final cut, and even then some of it was drawn haphazardly over past sketches to rework the concepts into something more... appropriate for Hannah’s machinations. Still, Hannah smirked taking it all in. Since her suspension, she’d had plenty of time to plot how exactly to get back at the oh so high and mighty Luna, to finally take her down a few pegs and show her what a mistake it was to mess with Hannah! At long last, winter break would end and Hannah would return to Eager Meadows. A fire burned inside of Hannah’s belly, its crackling drowning out Claire’s poorly-contained whimpers emanating from the bathroom. The real queen was ready to retake her throne! The last semester was about to begin.